THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 9, 1807.

Particulars of the Liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the French Police, and of her subsequent Flight through Italy, the Tyrol, Styria, Bohemia, Gallicia, Poland, and Livonia.

Written by the Marquis de SALVO, Member of the Academy of Sciences and Literature of Turin.

ON my first arrival at Venice from Vienna, I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with the Countess Attems. This lady, who was daughter to Baron Herbert (the emperor's minister at the Ottoman Porte), lived at Venice with her husband. To a cultivated mind, and a love of the arts, she united an amiableness of character of which I soon experienced the advantage; as she did me the honour of admitting me to her company. I had heard much of the acquired and personal accomplishments of Mrs. Spencer Smith, sister to the countess; but during the whole time that I had lived in that city (five months) I had not had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her.

Mrs. Smith, being obliged to abandon the severer climates of England and Germany, had come to Venice, where she had at this period resided above a twelvemonth. The very strict regimen which she followed for the recovery of her health, prevented her from frequenting the society of the Venetians; and when the French entered, being anxious to avail herself still further of the pure air of Italy (which was judged the most effectual remedy towards her re-establishment), she requested to be informed by General Lauriston, whether she could flatter herself with being granted permission to stay at Venice in security, and without having to fear subjection to the measures of

a hostile power. The general, in reply, not only assured her of her personal safety, and promised that she should have nothing to apprehend in the way of arrest, or orders to depart, but supplied her with a passport to enable her to quit Venice whenever she pleased. Such promises and assurances could not leave any doubt in the mind of Mrs. Smith, nor cause her to hesitate a moment in resolving to protract her stay, together with that of her two infant children, Sidney and Edward.

It was at the theatre of San Samuel, that I had the honour of being presented to Mrs. Smith, by her sister; and two months elapsed before I saw her again. The inclemency of winter now fled at the approach of spring; mild and serene days succeeded those of frost and snow; and Mrs. Smith, no longer fearful of the pernicious influence of the atmosphere on her weak constitution, began to visit her sister. That young lady's versatility of talent shone conspicuously in every pursuit: she happily added to a correct knowledge of several languages, a most lively imagination; and to her natural disposition, which was extremely pleasant, she joined a vast degree of refined wit. Her sister's parties, of course, grew still more agreeable and interesting by such an acquisition.

The dull monotony into which Venice had fallen, oppressed my spirits to a degree that made me weary of an existence which appeared to promise no future source of felicity: though I spent many of my hours in the company of Baron Villetti (a friend of the Countess Attems) and Mrs. Smith; availing myself of the society of these ladies, and occasionally exercising myself with them in the fine arts, particularly music, for the purpose of obtaining a respite from melancholy and anxiety. I felt, however, the want of some stimulus to rouse me from the torpor that gained upon me; and waited impatiently for such a favourable turn of fate, in order to recover my wonted spirit of activity. But it was not long before I experienced this impulse, in the project of relieving from the cruel fangs of the enemy an innocent victim, and two children, doomed to pass their days in captivity, or perhaps to see their mother fall a sacrifice even in their indisposed state. My resolution was soon fixed: it could not have been otherwise, when such objects appeared before a man of feeling. It pointed out to me at once both the path for flying from the enemy, and for arriving at the territory of a friendly sovereign. My heart glowed at the thought of being able to render an essential service to an individual belonging to the British nation.

Though Mrs. Smith had received the French general's word of honour for her security, and a promise that no molestation whatever should be offered to her during her stay at Venice; though she was provided with a passport to be used whenever she might choose to depart, and was now residing at Venice under

der the confidence which she had placed in the French general's promise; she received, on the 10th of April, an order to appear before the police. On her attending according to the summons, she was declared to be under arrest as a French prisoner; and received an order to depart within a week for the city of Bassano, the place fixed upon by the government for her to remain at. She demanded to know the reason for which she was thus treated; and was answered—"Your country, and your name." Now her native country was not England; and as to her name, the assurances which she had received, and the passport granted to her, under the same name, ought to have served as ample securities against any such conduct. Arguments of this kind, however, could have no weight with subordinate officers, who only executed the commands of their superiors.

Still I flattered myself that these considerations, if represented to Monsier Lagarde (who presided over the police), might prevent him from putting his orders into effect: but neither these, nor the friendly interference of many persons of the first influence, were sufficient to produce the smallest favourable alteration. Mrs. Smith herself applied personally to Monsieur Lagarde; and expressed her astonishment at being declared a prisoner of war as an Englishwoman, though her birth-place was Constantinople, and that of her parents was Vienna: besides that no pretext of this sort could reasonably deprive her of liberty, in opposition to General Lauriston's word of honour, and his passport, upon the security of which she had formed the resolution to remain at Venice after the entrance of the French troops into that city. She added that, placing the firmest confidence in these promises, she never could have been induced to suspect the possibility of such a breach of faith, which was even an act of violence. She little imagined that the permission to remain unmolested, could be altered into a subsequent arrest that declared her a prisoner; thus changing a liberal and friendly favour into a means for the better surprising her with an armed force, and exposing her to hostile treatment. All these arguments were advanced in vain to this man, who had received positive directions for his conduct in this respect. He answered that her arrest was amply justified by the name alone of Smith, of which she could not divest herself; and her being the sister in law of Sir Sidney, and wife of Mr. Spencer Smith, placed her in a situation that precluded any mitigation of the order of imprisonment.

In the mean time Lagarde, unwilling to acquaint her with the fate which was really determined upon for her, pretended to permit her to choose any city to reside in except Venice; alleging that the chief motive for sending her away from a maritime

place arose from a desire in the government, that no suspicion might take place of her holding a correspondence with the English. Thus those intrepid warriors who brave the thunder of Heaven itself; who sneer at the coalesced efforts of united nations however powerful; are afraid of allowing an English-woman to reside at a sea-port town, as she might give intelligence to their brave enemy, the only one capable of effectually opposing them!

Mrs. Smith confided in the minister's offer to mitigate her fate so far as to permit her to continue to enjoy the benefit of that climate at no great distance from Venice, which would facilitate the pleasure of seeing her sister frequently. In compliance with her request, she was allowed ten days before her departure, for the purpose of arranging her concerns, and fixing on the place of her future residence. She went with me to visit the neighbouring towns; and having fixed on Padua for her abode, she let the police know this, that her passport might be made for that place: but the next day, instead of receiving it, she met a soldier in her apartments, who came to announce that by order of the government he was placed there to guard her person wherever she went; and that he was answerable for her during her stay at Venice. This naturally excited her suspicions as to what might ensue; and she in consequence again solicited the police for the passport, six days having expired of the ten. Far from refusing it, they promised to let her have it immediately; and this, in a measure, eased her mind.

This arrest of her person roused the curiosity of the Venetians; and on its being mentioned in several French circles, the real destiny of Mrs. Smith was discovered by the undisguised hints of some of the French officers. I was one evening at the gaming-saloons of the Phenix theatre, the great resort of people of fashion, when a female friend of mine, a Venetian ex-noble, asked me whether I had heard of the unhappy fate reserved for Mrs. Smith. I answered, that I knew she was to reside at Padua in future, agreeably to the will of the French government; but my friend mysteriously replied, that Lagarde had received instructions to send her to Valenciennes. I shuddered at the intelligence, and considered for some hours whether I ought to inform Mrs. Smith of it or not; however, imagining that though it might cause a disagreeable surprise, it would prepare her against the immediate consternation that such an event would produce if abruptly intimated, I resolved on letting her know what I had heard. Countess Attems also discovered something similar; but the police continuing to promise the passport to Padua for the next day with certainty, we were led to believe the report to be unfounded. The next day passed, however, without bringing any passport; and in the evening, while we were at the house of Madame

Attems,

Attems, extremely uneasy on accounr of this delay, and anxious to know what would happen, (as on such occasions people exert their sagacity in conjecture and consultation), we brought forward all our stock of information and hypothesis, and discussed the measures to be adopted in every event. But about ten o'clock that night, the arrival of a serjeant, accompanied by three gend'armes, dissipated our suspence: he arrested the person of Mrs. Spencer Smith, in the name of the emperor of the French; and conducted her with him, followed by the other soldiers, to her lodgings. She there received orders not to quit her chamber; for the inforcement of which the gend'armes were posted outside the door.

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 9.

MR. EDITOR,

THE appearance of the comet has caused great alarm and altercation in our town, and as we have not a single conjurer or astronomer amongst us, our opinions are as inconclusive as they are various. I am therefore induced to hope that either you or some of your learned correspondents will endeavour to terminate our fears and disputes, by giving us the most probable cause and consequence of this unwelcome luminary. In *one* point we pretty generally coincide, namely, that it is an evident presage of some great calamity; but when, or where, or what it is to be, we cannot to a certainty determine. Some think we shall have an American war, and positively assert, in support of their conjecture, that there never was a comet without a war, nor a war without a comet. Others conclude, that as it was seen so near the constellation of the *northern crown*, we may expect our approaching misfortunes from *that* quarter; and that it is probable all the nations of the north will unite with Bonaparte in a grand and terrible invasion. As for our maid-servants, who don't care two-pence about politics, they anticipate nothing more or less than the perfidy of their lovers; and such is their dread of it, that they have consulted a fortune-teller on the subject, who has ordered them to sit all day, and lie all night, with their legs across, in order to obviate, if possible, the fulfilment of this prophetic warning. Some nights ago, the comet, appearing to the west of two bright stars, resembled what is commonly called the *tailor's yard*, so that many folks think there will be "The Devil to pay amongst the tailors;" in consequence of which, Mrs. Snip and Mrs. Buckram have both miscarried, and no more cabbaging is expected

pected 'till the celestial visitor has taken its departure. With respect to myself, Mr. Editor, I am quite undetermined in my opinion, but my son Bob (who, by the bye, is a very shrewd fellow) having staid out the whole of last evening to see this wonderful phenomenon, instead of finishing the exercise given him by his master, I asked him, on his return, what *he* thought of the business? "Why really, father," says Bob, "my firm opinion is, that unless you send Mr. Thwackum an excuse for me, this same comet prognosticates a *fiery tail* at school to morrow morning!"

I could mention many other conjectures of equal importance, but those already communicated will serve as a specimen of our discernment. In the hope, therefore, of seeing some clearer light thrown on the subject, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Mr. Editor,
Your most devoted servant,

X. QUIZ.

To Mr. Langdon.

Sir,

Whereas a certain lady, having taken forcible possession of my heart, hath (notwithstanding such an unlawful proceeding) treated me most unmercifully, and still doth the same, in despite of all justice and equity; I do hereby request of you to deliver, or cause to be delivered unto the said lady the following notice, from

Sir,
Your servant to command,
LUKE LATITAT.

"*To Miss Deborah Conquest, of the Town of D——, in the County of Y——, Spinster, greeting.*"

"I do hereby give you notice and warning to quit and yield up unto me, or my assigns, at or upon the 1st day of January next, ensuing the date hereof, all and singular that heart, with the appurtenances thereunto belonging, which you now hold of me, being part and parcel of a certain messuage or tenement *of clay*, commonly called or known by the name or names of Luke Latitat, situate, *lying*, or being in the town and county aforesaid; and I do hereby demand of you quiet possession of the said heart, with the appurtenances, on the said first day of January next. And in default thereof, I do and shall expect from you from thenceforth for the same, the net yearly rent of ten thousand kisses, smiles, and soft-sayings, to be paid at such times, and in such places, manner, and proportion, as may be most agreeable and convenient to the parties concerned; being

being in lieu and stead of the present rent of frowns, scoffs, and indifference.

Witness my hand this twenty-ninth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and seven,

Witness, LUKE LATITAT.
X.

MR. EDITOR,

Permit a forlorn lover to drop into your Letter-Box,

A SONNET.

Oh! for a heart of steel! a heart unchanged
By sorrow's pang, or joy's unstable reign!
Oh, for a heart, from every hope estrang'd;
Callous alike to pleasure and to pain!

Vain wish, adieu! my soul must still endure
The sad and swift vicissitudes of fate.
Love, once matured, needs more than earthly cure,
And spurns the checks which time and space create.

The faded grove, where I dejected stray,
Its leafy honours to the breeze resigns;
Swept are its fruits, and swept its flowers away,
Whilst in the south the clouded sun declines.

But spring will come, and nature cease to mourn,
Whilst *I* regret the joys that *never* must return.

X.

THE PIGEON.

(Concluded from Page 870.)

"I Was up with the sun, and sat crying at the window. The fine ladies laughed at me, and told me to take courage; but where should I get courage without Fritz? I staid there the whole day, and two days besides, and was almost in despair; but, at length, the young gentleman came again, and ordered me to go to the princess; but now, Fritz, you must tell me what happened to you in the mean time.

Peasant. "I rose in the morning joyful and good humoured, never dreaming of what had happened, and began to lave the water out of my boat, that I might go over to Christal. While I was doing it one of the princess's servants came up to me, and asked my name. When I told him it was Fritz Heinemann, he commanded me to come directly to the princess, who wanted me. I thought he would make a fool of me, and I paid no regard to him; but he began to curse and to swear,

and scarcely left me time to put on my Sunday coat. Willingly would I have delayed it 'till the next day, because I thought Christal would expect me, and I would rather that the princess should wait than Christal, for I had a great deal to say to her, and not a word to the princess. When we came to the castle I was carried into a large beautiful garden. There sat the princess at the top of an alley, on a seat that was painted green; at the bottom of the alley was a round summer-house, which they called a temple. I think I see it all now before me. I went bowing up to the princess, who had a great many ladies and gentlemen round her. 'What is your name,' said she. 'Fritz Heinemann.' 'I am glad of it,' said she, 'you are a fine lad—you are honest and industrious. I will give you a good woman for your wife.' 'Ah!' said I, 'I have already found one who is very good.' 'Indeed,' said the princess, 'but my butler's daughter is very handsome, and has money.' 'The one I have has also money, and is very handsome. I would run through the fire for her.' 'Will you tell me who this is that you have chosen?' 'Christal Bergfeld, an't please your highness, and I cannot marry any one else.' 'Indeed, but will she also marry you?' 'O yes, if her father would let her.' 'You must try to serve her.' 'I love her, and she thinks that service enough.' 'Yes, for Christal, but not for her father. What, if I undertake to court for you?' I made a bow. 'But I shall not do it gratis; you must serve three years as a soldier.' 'Oh! why not, I am not two and twenty, and Christal not seventeen. They all laughed like so many fools, when I said this in the most sorrowful tone.

"'Then you will become a soldier, Fritz Heinemann?' continued the princess, 'but pray can you shoot?' 'O yes, that is no great art.' 'But can you shoot at a mark?' 'Yes, if the thing I am to shoot at be not too far off.' 'Will you promise to shoot a pigeon at the distance of twenty steps?' 'O yes.' 'Well, we shall see; but remember, if you do not shoot it, Christal is not to be your wife.' 'That I agree to; only bring the pigeon.'

"The princess nodded to two servants, who went directly out, and in a short time came back again, one with a gun and the other with a pigeon, which he set upon a bush twenty steps from me. I threw down my hat, and levelled my gun; as I was looking at the pigeon to take my aim—my heavens! it looked like our pigeon. I flew to it light lightning. It was as I thought; round her neck was a piece of ribbon with the words—*Shoot me not, I am Christal's pigeon*, written on it.

"'Merciful heavens!' cried I, 'where do you come from, poor little pigeon?' 'That can make no difference to you,' cried the princess, 'only shoot.' 'No—I would rather have the eyes shot out of my head.' 'But have you not promised?'

'Yes, but I did not know it was Christal's pigeon? You must know that this poor pigeon would not have been alive, but would have been starved to death before it was fledged, if Christal had not fed it with her own hands; for this pigeon's mother was shot, with many more, by my father, for eating his corn; and my father and Christal's father had a great law-suit about it, and became great enemies; and as they would not let her and me see each other, then this pigeon used faithfully to carry my letters to her, and the good God knows I would rather give the finest sheep in our flock if I dare only take it away with me.' I said all I could, but in vain; the princess was angry, and sent me to the guardhouse. There I staid three days. They let me want, indeed, for nothing, for I dined every day with the officer; but I was become as thin as a herring; for I was all day and all night thinking about what it could mean, and what Christal would think. At length they told me the princess wished to speak with me once more: but now, Christal, it is your turn to tell."

Wife. "The young gentleman who fetched me, took me directly to the place in the garden, which Fritz has told you about. There sat the princess with her whole court about her. I was put on one side, but she did not speak a word to me. I had not stood long before Fritz came in from the other side; and when we saw each other we gave a loud shriek, and should have flown into each other's arms had not respect for her highness kept us back. All the ladies and gentlemen held handkerchiefs and fans to their faces. I saw that they laughed, but I could not think at what: but the princess remained quite serious, and looked as if she were displeased. A footman brought our pigeon. She took it into her lap, called me to her, and asked me, 'Will you kill this pigeon or not?' 'Indeed I cannot,' said I, while the tears ran down my cheeks; 'my hands would tremble, and my heart would break.' 'Then,' said she, 'I give you my butler for a husband;' as she said this she shewed me a little bandy-legged man, who stood near me, and made me a very kind bow.

"'Dear Sir,' said I, 'do not marry me, for I love Fritz, and I foretel that no good can come of it.'

"'There is still a way left,' said the princess, turning to Fritz; who, during this time had torn a large piece out of his hat, "if the young man will keep his promise of serving three years as a soldier, and shooting this pigeon directly, to prove to us that he can shoot at a mark.' 'That he will not,' said I, hastily, 'I am sure he will not do it.' 'Just as he pleases,' said the princess; 'if he will not do it, his wife stands near him.' Fritz was frightened, turned round, and saw a great hideous-looking woman, who attempted to smile lovingly upon him, but only looked the more frightful. 'Fritz,' said the

princess, 'what will you do? whom will you marry?' 'What is the use of your highness's asking? I will marry Christal.' 'Then take your gun.' Fritz looked mournfully at me, and knew not what to do."

Peasant. "I thought, after all, a pigeon was only a pigeon; and that it was better for a pigeon to die, than that we should never be married. 'So,' said Christal, 'you could really kill our poor pigeon?' I thought if I had only two glasses of brandy I could have done it. But Christal reminded me of the many letters the pigeon had carried, and of my having saved it from the hawk, and that she had allowed me the first kiss for it, and that she had fed it with her own hand to save its life; in short, she made me so faint-hearted, that I told her highness she must do with me what she would, for that once for all I could not kill the pigeon. The princess appeared very angry, and said, 'We had to thank ourselves for our misfortune.'

"As she said this she set the pigeon on the ground, and it began to run along the alley, straight to a little house which stood at a distance. The princess then ordered us to follow her. We obeyed, and as we went we were grievously mortified at the laughing which we heard sometimes behind us. We went sorrowfully on until we at length came to a door, which opened as we came near. Good gracious, what did we see—the young parson in full dress behind an altar, with the clerk near him! We could neither of us speak a word for surprise. I was not at all in a humour for laughing, and yet I could not help it, when I looked at the antics of the parson. 'Our sovereign princess,' said he at last, (his lips trembled, and the end of his nose turned yellow,) 'our sovereign princess has graciously commanded me to unite the first pair who should enter this room.' We did not give him time to say it twice; in five minutes we were man and wife; and besides that, the young parson was obliged to wish us joy.

"As we came back Christal's father and my father met us; and as they were now good friends again, embraced us tenderly. There I stood and cried, and Christal stood and cried also. The princess made us many handsome presents, on account of the uneasiness she had caused us; but nothing pleased us so much as the returning our pigeon, which we kept and fed with care and tenderness until the very day when it died of old age."

NEW DISCOVERIES *in the* SOUTH SEA.

THE royal hydrographical office of Madrid has published, by command of the prince of the peace, in the gazette of

of that city, the following notice relative to a discovery recently made in the South Sea:—"The frigate La Pala, belonging to the Philippine Company, and commanded by Don John Baptiste Monteverde, on her voyage from Manilla to Lima, discovered on the 18th of February, 1806, a group of islands, the southernmost of which is situated in 3 deg. 29 min. N. lat. and 162 deg. 5 min. E. long. from Cadiz. These islands, 29 in number, occupy a space of ten leagues from N. E. to S. W. and are separated by channels, one or two leagues in breadth. They are low, woody, and intersected with rivers. Their inhabitants are of the most pacific disposition. They first approached the frigate, to the number of twenty-one, in two canoes.

"When they came within musket-shot, they ceased rowing, and held some cocoa-nuts towards the Spaniards, shouting and making signs. The frigate clewed her sails, and hoisted the Spanish colours. This manœuvre having apparently excited some apprehensions in the islanders, the Spanish colours were struck, and a white flag was hoisted, the crew, at the same time, calling and making signs to the canoes to approach. They, accordingly, came alongside, and gave the Spaniards some cocoa-nuts, without demanding any thing in return, but none of them could be persuaded to come on board. The crew of the frigate then distributed among them old knives, iron rings, and pieces of red cloth; and this liberality excited such joy and gratitude in these good people, that they immediately stripped their canoes to make presents to the Spaniards—their nets, their fish-hooks, their cocoa-nut shells, which served them for cups, their enormous hats, made of the leaves of the palm-tree, were all, in a moment, removed on board of the frigate; and they at length proceeded to strip themselves of their only garment fastened round their waist, in order to testify their gratitude to their benefactors. Sill they were not content with themselves, and gave the Spaniards to undestand that they would return to their island to fetch other presents, and requesting that the frigate would wait for them.

"These Indians are tall, well made, robust, and active. They are of an olive colour, have flat noses, black curled hair, but of considerable length. In each canoe was a venerable old man, naked like the others, and who appeared to be their chief. One very remarkable circumstance is, that these two old men were white, and had aquiline noses. They had rather the air of Spaniards than of savages. Captain Monteverde adds, that these islanders, and their aged chiefs, bore a considerable resemblance, in their features and conduct, to the Indians of the islands of St. Bartholomew, and those of Cafa and Ibictai, where he landed in 1800, with the frigate La Philippine, commanded by Don Juan Iburguitia."

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS,

In the Month of October, 1807.

As described and represented by Prints in "La Belle Assemblee; or, Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine," for the present month.

No. 1.

AN EVENING DRESS.

A Round train gown of clear muslin, or leno, over white satin, tamboured in a snail pattern, and ornamented at the feet and round the bosom, with rosets of gold, or coloured velvet; a full puffed sleeve, trimmed with the same, and gathered in the centre of the arm with a topaz stud. Brooch and earrings to correspond. Hair confined close behind, and formed in irregular curls on the crown and forehead, with a few negligent ringlets on the left side; a diadem *a-la-Chinese*, composed of wrought gold and fine pearl; gold elastic, topaz, or pearl necklace. India long shawl, of a flame, or orange colour. White satin shoes, and gloves of French kid.

No. 2.

A MORNING, OR WALKING DRESS.

A plain round gown of French cambric, a walking length, scolloped at the feet; a plain square bosom, embroidered at the edge. A French coat of purple velvet, with long Spanish sleeve, finished all round with a border composed of shaded chenille. A yeoman hat of the same material, turned up in front in a triangular form, finished at the extreme edge with a border the same as the coat, and ornamented on the crown with a raised button and rich cord and tassel; a girdle of purple ribband terminated with the same. Purple velvet, or kid shoes, and York tan gloves. With this dress is usually worn an embroidered shirt, with Vandyke ruff, or a chemisette of twill cambric, or small quilted satin, *a-la-militaire*.

No. 3.

A round gown of French cambric, a walking length, ornamented at the feet with muslin, in reversed puckers; a short full sleeve, with long York tan gloves above the elbow, reaching towards the edge of the sleeve (but the long plaited sleeve is considered as more appropriate to this style of costume.) A helmet hat of basket willow, ornamented with amber-coloured ribband, and a small sun-flower, or *demi* sturtion wreath in front. A long Angola shawl, a deep orange colour, with shaded fringe and border; worn in the Russian style. A gold neck-

chain,

chain, and heart with patent spring, which, when pressed, opens and discovers the eye of your lover, relative, or friend, beautifully executed on ivory, and finished with an enamelled border. Shoes of black velvet, or purple kid, with velvet bindings, and tied with amber ribband.

Melancholy Death of Lieutenant Warton.

THE subject of this small tribute of affection was the grandson of the late lamented and ever-honoured Dr. Warton, whose public character and private virtues are beyond my feeble praise. This excellent friend he lost by death a few years since; and lately had the additional misfortune of losing his worthy father, by a very sudden death. He was then a midshipman in the royal navy, in Lord Nelson's squadron, in which situation he served the usual time, most honourably; in consequence of which good conduct, he soon obtained a lieutenancy. The reader is not to expect in this short sketch of my lamented young friend, any wonderful adventures, strange turns of fortune, or surprizing discoveries, like those of a Cook, or a Vancouvre. Alas! his short (but useful) career in this world was soon terminated, at the early age of twenty-two. His life was private, and blameless. The useful virtues of honesty, benevolence, and integrity, were the chief traits in his character; and which are of more real use to the community in general, than all the rank and titles of the great. He had derived from nature a strong understanding, and an excellence of disposition, which conciliated the affection of all who knew him. His excellent state of health, his manly form, strength, and vivacity, rendered him quite a fit subject to encounter perils incident to his line of life.

His unexpected death is a striking proof of the uncertainty of human life, and of how little able we are to judge of what is most likely to prove fatal; for amazing is it to reflect, that although this brave young man was in the ranks of death in the dreadful, but glorious battle of Trafalgar (in which his ship the Belleisle was a perfect wreck from her noble exertions), and death and destruction around him, whilst he was supporting, covered with blood, some poor fellows who died in his arms; yet he was then preserved; and at length, not long since, lost his valuable life by an act of duty to his country, in chacing an enemy's vessel in the Channel, off Portland; which his ardent, brave spirit, induced him to pursue in his ship's-boat, with a midshipman and four seamen: and they were very nearly boarding the enemy, (though greatly superior in numbers) when the boat upset, and was instantly buried in the waves,

"Whilst pitying angels bore his soul to Heaven."

And,

And, I humbly trust, he was 'taken from the evil to come,' to that state of happiness which his merits so justly deserved.

The fatal spot in which this unfortunate young man perished, was what is called the 'The Race of Portland;' where the Halsewell, and many hundreds of brave men, have met with a watery grave. In the present case, there is something peculiarly distressing in the fate of a young man cut off in the very prime of life; and who, from his own good conduct, and flattering hopes of success, had every prospect of being an honour to his king and country. Z. Z.

An ANECDOTE.

IN the year 1726, Sir Richard Steele made a tour into Scotland, with several gentlemen in company. Not far from Annan, they observed a flock of sheep, and at a short distance, the shepherd lying on the ground with a book in his hand, in which he was reading. Desirous of prying into human nature in every character, Sir Richard proposed to his companions, to have a little conversation with the shepherd; on which they immediately rode up to him, and on Sir Richard's enquiring of him the name of the book in his hand, the shepherd directly started on his feet, and told him the name of it. "Pray what do you learn from that book?" said Sir Richard. "I learn from it the way to Heaven," was the reply; "Very well," says Sir Richard, "we are travelling the same road, and it will be very obliging if you will shew us the way thither;"—"With all my heart," exclaimed the shepherd, "if you will attend me to you rising ground just at hand;" to this proposal Sir Richard and his companion readily agreed, and followed the shepherd to the rising ground. The shepherd, then turning to Sir Richard, said, "You see, Sir, yonder old tower at a distance; the way to Heaven lies strait by it, and is the only safe and sure way to future happiness?" Looking at one another, and being amazed at the oddity of the direction, Sir Richard inquired of him the name of the tower; to which the shepherd replied, "The name of it is the tower of repentance."

NOVEMBER.

[From Mrs. Pilkington's Monthly Recreations.]

THOUGH November had commenced with more than its accustomed gloominess, from an alternate succession of misty rains and fogs, yet the inhabitants of the cottage felt not its depressing influence, for cheerfulness and good humour presided

sided at Mrs. Manderville's hospitable board; and, as the party were no longer able to enjoy the pleasures of the country, they amused themselves by musick, drawing, and a variety of tasteful works. The work of charity at no season of the year was ever omitted, but practised by Mrs. Manderville with increased ardour as the winter approached. The hungry were fed, the sick visited, and the hungry cloathed. This cloathing afforded no small degree of gratification to the young ladies, who, fancying themselves rather too old to dress dolls, were delighted with the employment of making frocks for the poor children, whose parents resided in the neighbourhood; as it had for many years been a practice with Mrs. Manderville to make presents of that description upon Christmas-day. In this kind of work Louisa had long been a practitioner; for, though her mamma's income would not admit of her being so liberal as Mrs. Manderville, yet she had generously bought two or three sets of child-bed linen, for the purpose of lending to those poor people who were not able to buy a sufficient number for themselves; and the greater part of this linen had been made by Miss Danvers. Eliza, therefore, acted as assistant to her cousin in this benevolent employ; and each worked with as much earnestness and assiduity as if their existence depended upon what they earned. Impatiently did they look forward to the arrival of Christmas, for the pleasure of distributing their work; although their aunt would not suffer their zeal in the cause of benevolence to interfere with their accustomed tasks.

Eliza's fondness for reading increased daily; and the improvement she made in the different branches of education even exceeded her aunt's hopes; and, ignorant as she was when she came to the cottage, yet every friend of Mrs. Manderville's now pronounced her an uncommon clever girl. Her father, with whom she regularly corresponded, was so much delighted with the elegant and unstudied style in which she wrote, that he not only replied to her letters with the greatest punctuality, but as constantly sent her some present, as a testimony of his approbation and regard; neither was he unmindful of Louisa, to whose example he, in a great measure, attributed the wonderful improvement his daughter had made.

As the month of November advanced, the weather became more favourable; the western winds were succeeded by those from the opposite point; walking again became practicable; and Farmer Hawkins and his respectable wife were not forgot. Three weeks, however, had produced a surprising change in the surrounding prospect; the walnut-trees were nearly dismantled of every leaf; and but few remained upon the mulberry, the horse-chesnut, sycamore, ash, and lime. The elm, the beech, and the oak, still retained a greater portion of their fading beauties, and seemed to vie with the apple and peach

trees, which are sometimes known to preserve an appearance of verdure even in December.

The farm-yard at Mr. Hawkins's presented a more animated picture than it had done in the summer time; for the cattle were driven from the fields, and preserved from the inclemency of the weather by a comfortable bed of straw near two feet deep.

The plaintive notes of the wood-pigeon, or stock-dove, caught the young people's attention as they were walking to the farm; and they were informed, by their intelligent relation, that those birds of passage generally returned about the latter end of the month.

As they entered the farm-yard they were met by Mr. Hawkins, who was giving orders to his men to grease the ploughs, and put them by in a place of safety; "For, Madam," says he, addressing himself to Mrs. Manderville, "I shall not want them again for several months; and safe *bind*, safe *find*, you know; that is my maxim." "And a very good one it is," replied Mrs. M. "but you have finished ploughing, Mr. Hawkins, sooner than many of your neighbours, as I saw several at work in the different fields through which we passed." "Why some of my neighbours, Madam," rejoined the industrious farmer, "think more about *pleasuring* than making the *pot boil*; and, whilst they go out a hunting with their *betters*, it can't be expected their men will work very hard; but every one has a right to follow their own inclination, that's for *sartin*; and, for my part, I have more pleasure in looking *arter* my men than in riding *arter* a poor frighted beast, and, as I may say, running the risk of breaking every bone in my skin."

Sir R. Hoare's Remarks on the Lake of Killarney.

IT is a mortifying circumstance, that many of the finest views in nature, and which at first sight make the strongest impression upon the eyes and the imagination, should defy both the powers of imitation and description. I have particularly found the failure of the pencil in lake scenery; and have had cause to lament that my sketches, either on the lakes of Switzerland, Westmoreland, or Killarney, could convey little more than a general idea of the outline of the mountains and surrounding scenery. In short, nature in her court dress will not be copied, whilst in her humble cottage attire she becomes less coy, and oftentimes assumes a greater degree of consequence, than at first sight she appears to merit. What pencil can give an adequate idea of the super-eminent beauties of the mountains and rocky scenery of Glenaa and Cromiglaun? can ex-

press the transient and fleeting effects of the clouds upon them, or trace their transparent reflections in the waters beneath? What pencil can imitate the varied tints of the numerous lychens, shrubs, and plants, that deck the rocky boundaries of these lakes, or give a faithful representation of the fantastic forms that the rocks assume? In the name of my brother artists, I will answer, none.

The powers of the pen will fail equally in description. For when I say, that the mountains Tomies, Glenaa, and Turk, are finely wooded down to the water edge; that the river abounds with every variety that rock, trees, and water can produce; that the Eagle's Nest* towers up most majestically from its banks; that the surface of the Upper Lake is broken by numerous rocky islands, and boldly indented shores; that it is backed by an almost endless range of the most picturesque mountains; that

"Hills o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps ascend!"

that the rocks which bound the lakes of Mucruss and the Lower Lake have, by continual beating of the waves, assumed the most singular and fantastic forms, added to the most harmonious colouring; and that they are covered with arbutus, heaths, and the greatest variety of plants imaginable; shall I convey any idea of this enchanting scenery? I answer, no.

The collected beauties of this favoured spot are so great, so varied, and so superior, to any thing I have yet seen, either in Italy, Switzerland, or England, that they can neither be delineated nor described; to be *felt*, they must be *seen*.

[These observations of Sir Richard are highly expressive of his conviction, that the Lake of Killarney exhibits one of the most beautiful specimens of that grandeur and magnificence with which the Almighty has adorned the earth.]

* A mountain so called from the circumstance of eagles making their nests upon it.

Answer, by W. Gregory, of Tamerton Foliott, to R. Maffett's Question, inserted June 1.

THE equations being transposed, and reduced by a proper method, we obtain this final equation, $2048y^3 - 9210y^2 + 8168y = -3090$, a cubic equation, which being solved by Cardan's rule, $y = 3$, consequently $x = 32$, and $z = 6$, so that the age of Mr. Maffett is 32 years, 3 weeks, and 6 days.

☞ Similar answers have been received from W. Backhouse, of Evercreech; Tristram Bath, of Wendron; and T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to Sylvio's Charade, inserted September 14.

WHEN the pale MOON displays her silv'ry LIGHT,
And guides the wand'rer thro' the lonely night,
What grateful thoughts must in his bosom rise
Of HIS great hand, which form'd the astral skies.

☞ We have received the like answer from W D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; R Loosemore, of Tiverton; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. Lewis, and Hester Easter, of Poole; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; W. Cave, of Pitney; W. M. M. of Plymouth Dock; and John Ryan, of Stonehouse.

Answer, by T. Gill, Officer of Excise, near Bridgewater, to W. Plugg's Charade, inserted September 21.

IF TENANTS duly pay their rent,
The landlord ought to be content.

*** Similar answers have been received from W. D. of Bristol; J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. Cave, of Pitney; J. A Dyer, of Taunton; J. B. of Barnstaple; H. Ellis, of Exeter; R. M. Giffard, J. Horsey, and S Paull, of Castle Cary; W. W. M. of Plymouth Dock; J. Lewis, and Hester Easter, of Poole; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Corporal Colley, Soho, and T. Coumbe, of St. German's; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; J. V. near Helston; J. Fairweather, of Plymouth; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. Hobbs, of Boatshead; and J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.

A REBUS, *by G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton.*

A Grecian poet first declare;
A place for those that soar in air;
A plant well-known you next must name;
And then part of the human frame;
Likewise a beast I'd have you tell;
What in man's breast should never dwell:
These six initials, join'd aright,
A tool I use will bring to sight.

A REBUS, *by W. King, of Castle Cary Academy.*

AN English bird you first must find;
An English tree you'll call to mind;
The god of sleep you must declare;
And then a town in Dorsetshire:
Place the initials right and true,
What's seen in summer then you'll view.

A CHARADE, *by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.*

GO seek for my first in the green shady grove,
Where the sweet warbling songsters invite you to rove;
O'er Pomona's gay treasures I pray cast an eye;
My second amongst them with ease you'll descry:
My whole is a glutinous thing I declare,
Which is oftentimes used my first to ensnare.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An ELEGIAC CANZONET.

HAIL, pensive muse! and lonely shades,
Where melancholy reigns!
Where gloomy death my soul pervades,
And wretchedness obtains.

From mortal ken fain would I dwell,
There in some lowly vale,
My burthen'd mind with grief would tell
Its dolorific tale.

Where audiencephilosophic reigns,
Yes, nature's soothing powers,
In broken accents, mournful strains,
I'd spend my fleeting hours.

No rural sports should break the peace,
Throughout the passing day,
Nor vain allurements ever chase,
Or interrupt my lay.

For nature gently hush'd around,
Would all attention be;
And silence, midnight and profound,
Should aid my destiny.

There would I mourn a much-lov'd child,
Who scarce *one lustre* ran,
Beauteous in form, in temper mild,
A first and only son.

The morning blush adorn'd his face,
And health beam'd from his eye;
His infant accents flow'd with grace,
But early doom'd to die.

His soul all harmony and love,
Did opening powers display,
Capacious, strong, and fond to rove,
Foretold a shining day.

Illusive omen! why so bright,
So transient, and so frail?
His sparkling eyes are clos'd—and night,
The shades of night prevail.

Death, murd'rous death! so cruel, why
So lavish of thy power!
What could induce thee to destroy
This fair and beauteous flower?

To damp its vigour, chill its bloom,
And triumph o'er its fall;
To veil its rising sun so soon,
And rob us of *our all*?

But

But why should I from man retreat,
Since the lov'd child is not;
And lonely pour out my complaint
In some sequester'd spot?

No gloomy shades can chase my grief,
Or calm content infuse;
Nor to my spirit give relief;
Some other plan I'll chuse.

To thee, dread Lord! I him resign,
My loss is his great gain;
The lovely gift was wholly thine,
Why then should I complain?

Dock, Devon.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The LAWYER's PRAYER.

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground
Where few I fear are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience, void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name,
The tribute of the widow's prayer,
The righted orphan's grateful tear.
To virtue, and her friends, a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend!
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue,
Protect the oppressor in his wrong;
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws
To sanctify the villain's cause.
Let others, with unsparing hand,
Scatter their poison thro' the land,
Inflame dissension, kindle strife,
And strew with ills the path of life;
On such her gifts let fortune show'r,
Add wealth to wealth, and pow'r to pow'r;
On me may fav'ring Heav'n bestow,
That peace which good men only know,
The joy of joys, by few possess'd,
Th' eternal sunshine of the breast!
Pow'r, fame, and riches, I resign,
The praise of honesty be mine,
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me when I die.

To a Country Mercer, much given to Punning.

[From Polwhele's Poems.]

HAIL, happy Tom, to whom indulgent Heaven,
To rule o'er puns and tape, alike, hath given!
What tho' condemn'd to guide the flippant yard,
Thy Brussels lace unwinding from its card,
Thy genius sports, by measure unconfin'd,
And greatly scorns the poor mechanic mind!
Still as thy yard proceeds, I see thee spurn
The dust beneath, on tiptoe at each turn;
While girls confess, in many a laughing fit,
What's lack'd in measure is made up—in wit!